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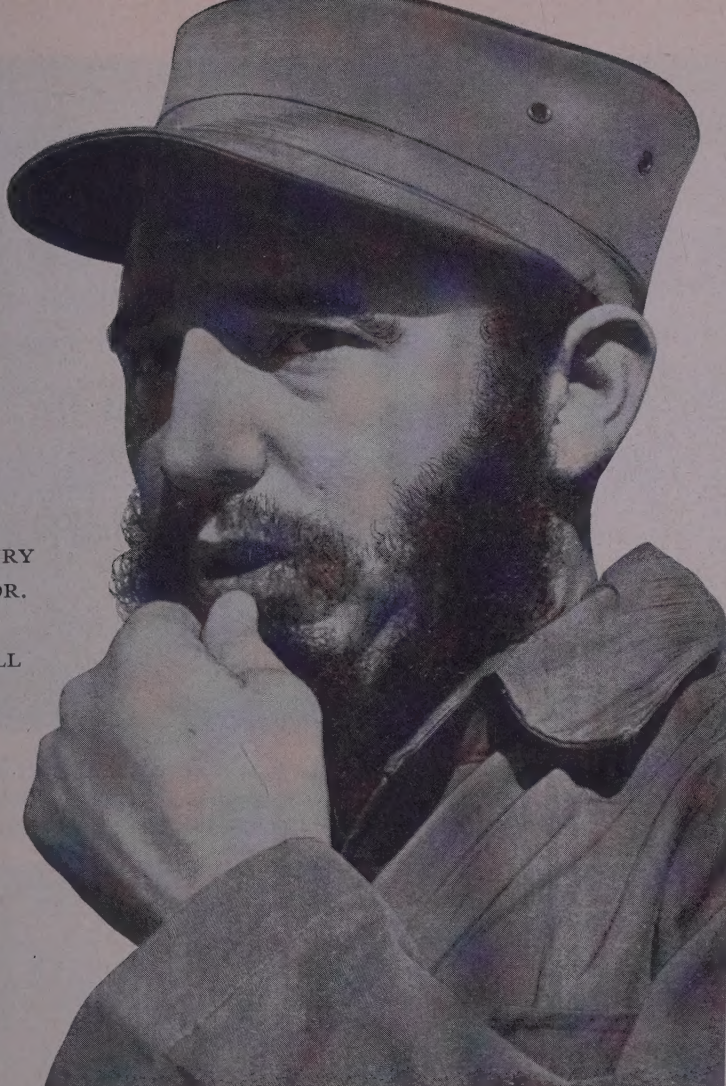
THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA LAST JANUARY ENDED HALF A CENTURY OF GRAFT AND TERROR. IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN HOW FAR IT WILL GO TOWARDS PROVIDING THE ISLAND WITH THE EFFICIENT DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT THAT IT SO BADLY NEEDS

Castro's Cuba

by MICHAEL TEAGUE

I WENT to Cuba from Haiti shortly after Fidel Castro's successful revolution. The change in atmosphere between the two islands was quite remarkable. Arriving in Santiago de Cuba, which is only forty-five minutes' flight from Port-au-Prince, I found myself transplanted from a quiet backwater into a brash, confused and rather exhilarating jamboree. Beards, bobs and pony-tails were in force to meet us at the airport. Even customs officials and porters sported Castro's gypsy "uniform". Baggage was minutely

searched (our plane had started its run in the Dominican Republic), whilst from the walls a barrage of posters urged us to support the agrarian reform programme, buy only Cuban goods and give thanks to Castro for the deliverance of the country. Haiti, with its all-pervading, comic-opera charm, seemed very much more than a mere 150 miles away; as indeed did Jamaica, an equal distance to the south. But, as I soon learnt, it is useless to try and compare Cuba to the other Caribbean islands, for it lies like a giant among the pygmies. It is too large, too advanced and too closely connected with the United States to bear comparison, except perhaps with Puerto Rico. It is predominantly white



Associated Press



All remaining photographs by the author

(Above) Havana, the capital of Cuba, was founded in 1519. Today it is the largest city in the West Indies and is notable for its fine port and cosmopolitan atmosphere. (Below) The National Capitol, which was built in 1929 to rival its namesake in Washington, dominates the central part of the city





(Above) Havana's population has grown from 660,000 to 783,000 since 1954. These are new apartment-houses in the smart residential suburb of Vedado. (Below) The atmosphere of Old Havana can best be recaptured near the harbour, the entrance to which is guarded by the famous 16th-century Morro Castle



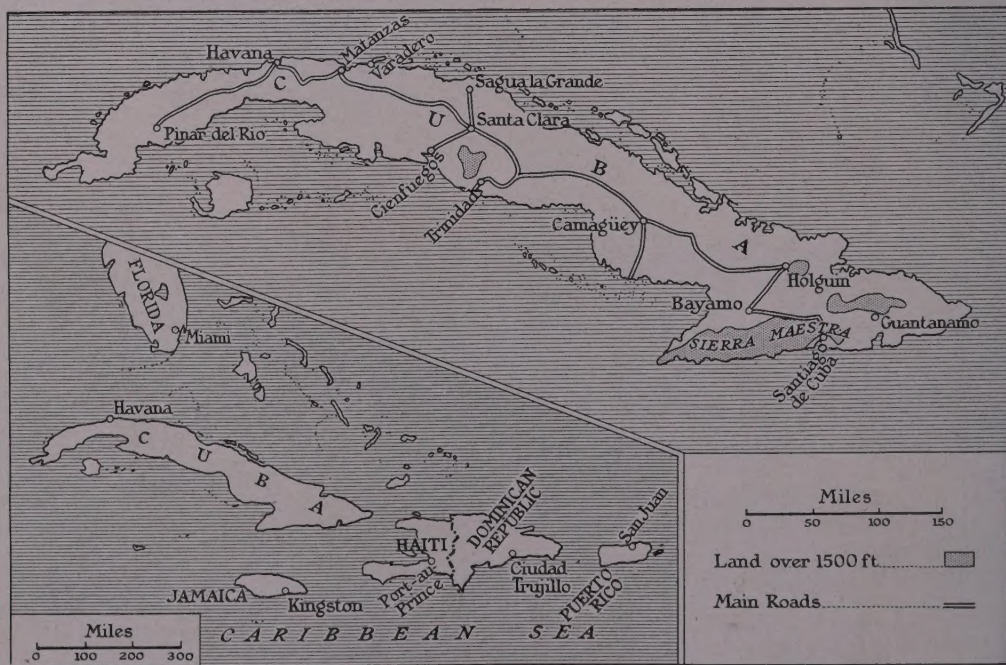
whereas the others are predominantly black. It is Spain transplanted to the Tropics and heavily influenced by the American way of life. It is rich in natural resources whereas the others are poor. Its social and economic problems differ. With its flat and rolling countryside it doesn't even look like one's idea of a Caribbean island.

Today the island is experiencing the biggest social upheaval in its history. Castro's revolution is not, as some seem to believe, merely the overthrow of one corrupt government and its replacement by another, at present less corrupt. It is a genuine attempt to give the country some sort of democratic, efficient administration. This was impressed upon me time and time again by Cubans. As one of them explained to me: "You see we have never had an honest government, except perhaps the Estrada Palma administration at the turn of the century. We badly need a change." Certainly Cuban politics during the last half-century have shown a dreary record of graft, terror and systematic looting. Batista was the last of a long line of Presidents who earned with a monotonous regularity such nicknames as "Butcher", "Peseta stealer" etc. Before them had been the long, savage and costly struggle for independence from Spain. Over a quarter of a million Cuban lives were lost in the

1868-78 War of Independence and it was not until 1898 that the island finally managed to break away, the last of Spain's trans-Atlantic possessions to do so, and then it was only with American help and protection.

One might well ask how it is that in view of past corruption and mismanagement Cuba has prospered as it has; for the country is 75 per cent literate, it boasts some of the most advanced social and labour legislation in the Western Hemisphere and it enjoys one of the highest standards of living in Latin America. The answer lies in the island's agricultural wealth. Few countries have so much good land per head of population, not only good land in terms of soil fertility but in terms of land level enough for mechanized agriculture. Two-fifths of the population are dependent on agriculture for their livelihood and a third of the national income is derived directly from agriculture.

Sugar dominates the economy, both physically and mentally. Cuba is the world's largest producer and exporter of sugar and the island's almost complete dependence on this one crop is a perennial headache to the economists. Sugar is more important to Cuba than, for instance, coffee is to Brazil and the country is in consequence extremely vulnerable to the vagaries of foreign demand. "The spell of sugar must be broken" is an old



A. J. Thornton



In Cuba one finds "Spain transplanted to the Tropics" and exemplified in many features of the cities, such as (above) cobbled streets and heavily barred windows in Trinidad, midway along the south coast, and (below) the plaza of Santiago de Cuba, at the island's eastern end. Both were founded in 1514





Havana is the traditional home of fine cigars. Here at the Corona factory a skilled worker rolls the leaf while others pack the finished product for export to critical smokers all over the world

cry in Cuba but the problem of diversification of crops coupled with an ingrained faith in sugar to "save the day" have prevented any firm attempt to break the spell.

Sugar poses another problem in the form of seasonal unemployment, the so-called "dead season" after the harvesting of the crop when over 20 per cent of the labour force of the island is left without work for the remaining eight months of the year. This unfortunate situation has existed in Cuba for years and has led to a perennial fear of being left jobless, which pervades the whole thinking of labour. Many workers believe that Castro will somehow transplant them fully employed from hut to *hacienda* overnight. I met others who were more practical prisoners of hope, as witness the following incident. I was staying on an estate in Matanzas Province when a deputation of seasonal workers appeared one day demanding to see the owner. They had heard, they said, that a new law was about to be passed forcing estate-owners to put all their temporary workers on a permanently employed basis. The owner explained that financially it was impossible for him to do this, law or no

law. The deputation after some lively argument began to move off when suddenly the leader doubled back and whispered confidentially to the owner who was still standing on the steps of the house: "If you are prepared to pay each of us 10 dollars now, we'll make no trouble for you when the new law is passed." To which the latter replied: "You realize that bribery comes highest on Castro's list of heinous crimes?" Impasse.

Tobacco is Cuba's second most important crop. Columbus found the natives of the island smoking "tabacas" leaves through their noses and, although organized cultivation did not begin until the end of the 16th century, tobacco remained for many years Cuba's leading export. Today in face of diminishing foreign markets exports have dropped; nevertheless a large domestic consumption helps to maintain a high level of production. Most of the crop is raised in Pinar del Río Province in the west, whilst Havana is the traditional cigar-producing centre, giving its name as a kind of trademark to the ultimate in quality and smoking pleasure. I went to visit the Corona factory

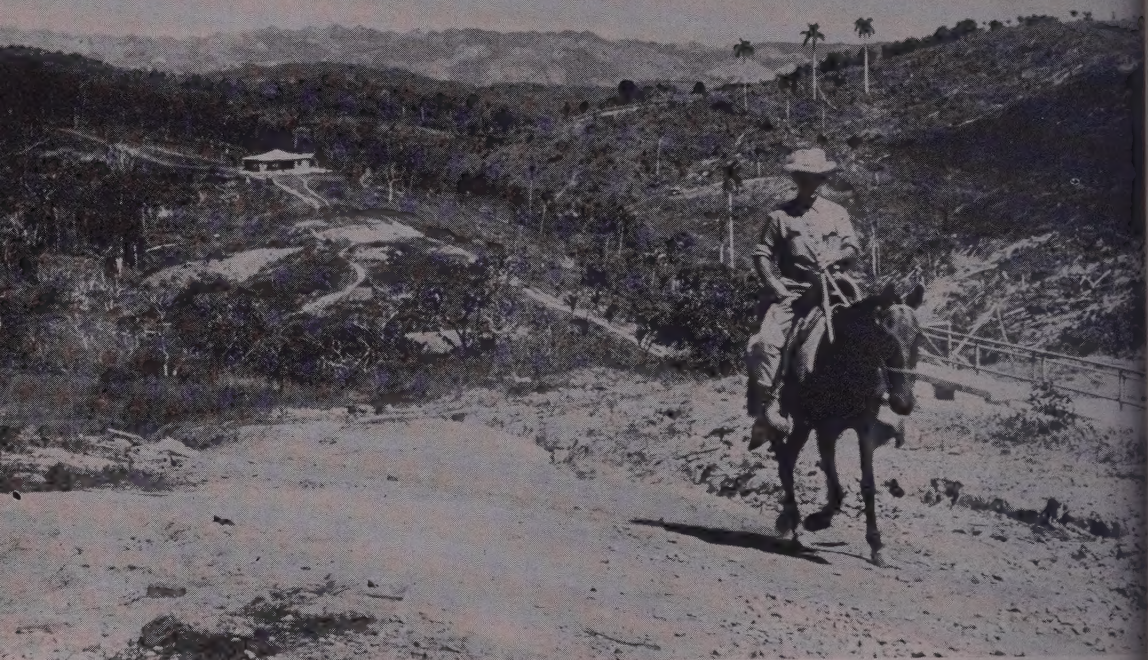
there and was delighted to find it a superbly old-world establishment amid the chromium and plate-glass of the commercial centre of the city. Cigars of all sizes lay regimented in ornate cases in the front showroom. A detailed series of photographs showed us the various stages of cigar-production, whilst a group of larger-than-life waxworks of Indians and buccaners puffed heavily on their "weeds" from a corner of the room. Upstairs I was given a variety of different leaves to sniff and feel and watched workers expertly blending and rolling them into the finished product. "Hand rolled for the English market," explained my guide. "Americans prefer them done by machine." This with a disparaging shrug of the shoulders. "It is a pity that so few people demand quality these days. Fifty years ago we exported four times the quantity of cigars we do today," he continued, fondling a pile of freshly rolled "Shershills", the nickname given to a particularly long and special brand.

Both sugar and tobacco will be greatly affected by Castro's new land-reform programme. This programme, which has been widely publicized by rallies, broadcasts and impassioned rhetoric, is the most drastic one to have been introduced into Latin America today. It calls for expropriation of large land-holdings, the banning of foreigners from buying or inheriting land and legislation to ensure that even the poorest of squatters or share-croppers on the land has the "vital minimum" of 66 acres per family. Compensation for seized lands has been left conveniently vague. Strong opposition to this programme has come not only from powerful vested interests (over 1,500,000 acres of U.S. land-holdings are subject to expropriation under the new law) but also from some of the smaller holders, particularly the tobacco-farmers of Pinar del Río. Castro has threatened and cajoled. "Land reform will not be stopped even if the sky rains spikes," he announced recently. There is no doubt that he means business and upon this issue many believe his revolution will stand or fall.

The revolution is also attempting to give a new face to industry. The tempo of industrial development in Cuba has been relatively slow, mainly because of the limited size of the home market. A new nation-wide campaign to "Buy Cuban" is now under way in an attempt to remedy this and to cut down on foreign imports. I happened to drop into the local museum at Camagüey in central Cuba one Sunday morning and found myself in the midst of a heavily attended Cuban Pro-

ducts Fair, one of several that were being organized throughout the island at the time. Banners, flags, swags and potted ferns were everywhere. Loudspeakers wheezed forth a breathless selection of rumbas and martial music. Rooms and galleries were full to overflowing with the oddest selection of objects from bottled cucumbers to ladies' underwear. From every vantage-point notices exhorted us to buy Cuban products. A young, starry-eyed girl wearing an arm-band and neck-square in the red-and-black colours of Castro's "26 Julio" movement showed me round. She was eager to hear about the effect of the revolution on public opinion abroad. What for instance did the English think of Castro? I mumbled like a British housewife being interviewed on T.V. "Why did England continue to sell arms to Batista a full year after the U.S. had stopped doing so?" she asked accusingly. I reminded her that Napoleon had called us a nation of shop-keepers. "I don't think you can have any idea how awful life was for us before Castro came to power," she said, leading me into a room full of show-cases filled with whips, knouts and other instruments of torture used by Batista's secret police. Then afterwards outside in the sunshine she said: "And now we are being accused of Communism. I ask you! Does this strike you as Communist?" An arm indicated the banners, the portraits of Fidel and the galaxy of exhortations. There seemed no categorical answer to that one.

What seems clearly apparent, and this long before the dust and thunder of the revolution have settled, is that Cubans are trying to make a determined effort to stand on their own feet. "We don't want to be somebody's back garden," is a cry one constantly hears. This of course refers to the country's close dependence on the U.S., which has been a marked feature of the Cuban scene for over half a century. Economically the bonds are very strong: the States takes over 75 per cent of Cuban exports and furnishes 80 per cent of its imports. 60 per cent of the billion dollars invested in sugar, for instance, is American owned. To protect these interests Washington has always closely watched over Cuban affairs; in fact until 1934 the U.S. had treaty rights to interfere in the domestic affairs of the island. Anti-American feeling can at times run high but Cubans seem to realize that the geographical position of their island demands a reasonably close connection with the States. There are indeed many things about the American way of life which they admire





(Opposite, top) Sugar constitutes three-quarters of Cuba's exports. It is grown amid such gently rolling and immensely fertile landscapes as that depicted, in the centre of Cuba. (Opposite, bottom) Cane-cutters pause for refreshment in the fields with their characteristic fringe of royal palms. The sugar-workers earn good money at harvest-time but have to face the hardships of unemployment during the ensuing 'dead season' when a fifth of the island's labour-force is workless. (Above) Ornately harnessed oxen drag the cane from the fields

and try to emulate . . . and this is something which goes far deeper than a mere rash of Coca-Cola spots. At the same time there is a strong desire for a more Cuban approach to the country's problems. "We should like a chance to be ourselves for a change," a Havana journalist told me; and this feeling explains Castro's battle cry of: "*Ni comunismo, ni capitalismo, mas cubanismo.*"

American influence in Cuba is particularly marked in Havana, which is one of the most beautiful and cosmopolitan capitals in the Western Hemisphere. Its reputation for "fast" living seems largely dependent on neon lights, a couple of spectacular floor-shows at the leading night-clubs and a really astonishing number of touts offering to sell one anything and everything. Then of course there are the gambling casinos, which Castro closed for a time, then had to reopen because their absence resulted in a serious relapse in the tourist industry; for tourists, after sugar, provide the most important source of foreign exchange in Cuba. They pour into the country

from the States and every day during the season (December-April) a stream of planes from Miami decant their cargoes of jungle-shirted and mink-stoled "vacationers" who take over the fashionable suburb of Vedado; that and the long lovely beach resort of Varadero, some seventy-five miles from the capital.

Few tourists venture farther afield, which is a pity because Cuba, although not spectacularly beautiful in the "island in the sun" tradition of the Caribbean, has a gentle, fresh and attractive atmosphere of its own. Columbus, on landing there in 1492, declared it "the most beautiful land human eyes have ever beheld". The rich virgin forests, which gave the island its Arcadian atmosphere in his day, have long since disappeared. Softly undulating fields of pale green sugar, often studded with towering groves of royal palms, now provide the characteristic backdrop. Scenic contrasts can be encountered at either end of the island; the tobacco-growing Province of Pinar del Río in the west has a curious landscape of red-soiled valleys,

At a Cuban Products Fair in Camagüey the younger generation files past a wide variety of exhibits. The fair, one of several organized throughout the island in the months following Fidel Castro's successful revolution last January, was part of his drive to promote Cuban industrial development





A scene at a bar in Santiago de Cuba illustrates contending influences in the island today. The juke-box and the advertisements symbolize the 'American way of life'; the bearded soldiers with their gypsy-like uniforms show the desire of Cubans, under Castro's leadership, to 'be themselves'

miniature canyons and curious rock-formations called *mogotes*, which look like huge stone cottage-loaves thrown haphazardly round the countryside. And in the east the purple-and-green mountains of the Sierra Maestra range, Castro's hideout for over three years, rise to elevations of over 6000 feet then run down almost sheer to the sea.

The towns of the interior, which are mainly located along the great national highway stretching from Havana in the west to Santiago de Cuba in the east, have a certain similarity which tends to become monotonous . . . the same formula of a grid-iron pattern of streets surrounding a *plaza* complete with dusty palms and bust of Martí, the hero of the independence movement. But if one is lucky enough to arrive on market-day or for one of the numerous *fiestas* held during the year, then the whole place comes very much to life.

Cubans are an easy people to get along

with. They are friendly and hospitable and alert. The population stems almost entirely from two currents of immigration, from Spain and from Africa, from which country large numbers of slaves came to work the sugar-plantations. The original Indian inhabitants of the island, the gentle Tainós and Siboneys, who came to welcome Columbus with cries of "Peace, we are your friends", have long since died out. The last census of the island (in 1953) classified more than 70 per cent of the population as white and slightly less than 30 per cent as mixed or coloured. The resulting blend is in consequence less of a racial hodge-podge than is found in most parts of Latin America. As one Cuban explained to me: "We are Spaniards with American and African connections; we are also uniquely Cuban." This indeed is what many believe Castro's revolution is going to prove.

The University of Durham

by W. B. FISHER

The cities of Durham and Newcastle share the University of Durham, the oldest in England after Oxford and Cambridge. This curious division is explained by the author, Professor in Geography in the Durham Colleges

THE pen-and-ink drawings of student life in Durham, from which ultimately derived the well-known Mr Verdant Green, are still to be seen, slightly yellowed by over a century of age, on the walls of Durham Castle. They have more than a chance resemblance to scenes from *Pickwick*, their near contemporary—heavy Wilhelmine interiors, young men slightly encumbered by cigars, raffish domestics, dining-tables and quantities of food. Perhaps the spirit of *Pickwick* lingers in Durham even today; for although *Medicine* itself has migrated across the River Tyne, Mr Allen and Bob Sawyer and also Messrs Winkle, Jingle, Weller Junior—and even Mrs Bardell—may be recognized among the contemporary scene. Some of Chaucer's students too, as he describes them, might have found in Durham a congenial environment.

To most, the name County Durham probably evokes ideas of the heaviest of heavy industry centred on a vast, sprawling industrial city. This is only partly true: though Durham undoubtedly has its mining, steel, petrochemical and shipbuilding activities, the capital town is a wooded oasis of under 20,000 people dominated by a Norman Cathedral and Castle, set among streets that have an 18th-century air. Given a little encouragement, it could convey at least an impression of a South German university town.

Maybe there is something deeper in this than merely a chance resemblance. Durham was part of an Anglian kingdom, and still in the Pennine dales a few shepherds count their flocks in Anglian, not English, numerals. Durham has preserved many of its old ways in isolation from the rest of England, and for this both history and geography are responsible. Topographically, the north-east is remarkably isolated by an almost complete ring of hills, and its distance makes it a rather awkward journey from both London and the English Midlands. Close to the northern boundary of County Durham lies the Roman Wall, a debatable ground even down to the 16th century; and Durham City has for long

held a traditional function of providing strong lodgings for nationalistically inclined Scots. Much is said about Bannockburn, but less about Neville's Cross, the return match and decider fought near Durham, which is still commemorated annually from the Cathedral tower.

The outstanding defensive site of Durham, almost completely ringed by a deeply entrenched meander of the River Wear, attracted first the Saxons and then the Normans. On the high ground within the loop of the river there grew up a castle and a fortress-cathedral, both of Norman construction: the former, though not built originally as a university, is now the oldest university building in Britain.

Round this remarkable acropolis of castle, church, green and trading-site there developed what came nearest to a British city-state—the County Palatine, ruled by a Prince-Bishop of almost royal powers, including the rights of coinage and justice and of maintaining a standing army. At one time extensive rentals, lead tithes and coal rights provided ample wealth for the fortunate Chapter, who in the early 19th century were known as the Golden Canons. Bishop Hatfield built himself a throne three inches higher than that of the Pope; his successors still rank with the Bishop of London immediately after the Archbishops. Much could be said of the slightly distinctive and separate evolution of Durham, over which the curfew still sounds nightly; and the list of founders and benefactors recited each year in the Cathedral, including Northumbrian kings, Saxon saints and monks and Anglo-Norman prelates, sharply brings to mind pages of history that are dim or scanty in many other parts of the country.

The whole pattern of life in the north-east does not quickly become apparent. First impressions for travellers from the south are the heavy industries of Darlington and Tees-side, with the symbol of it all, Stephenson's "Locomotion", enthroned on Darlington station. The imprint of industry is consider-



From the author

The City of Durham is the heart of an area bounded on the south by the Tees and on the north by the Tyne and (above) the Roman Wall. The remote and beautiful country flanking the industrial inner core of this area has affinities with the Anglian kingdom of which it was once a part

able, though varied both in its character and local incidence. Lower Tees-side, currently the fastest-growing manufacturing area in the country, began as a centre of iron- and steel-making; but thanks to a navigable estuary and a remarkable occurrence of mineral deposits, it now produces a wide range of organic and inorganic industrial chemicals. In some years the combined shipbuilding from Tyne, Wear and Tees equals that of all the rest of Britain put together; and Tyne-side, the home of the turbine, now takes a very considerable interest in atomic-power-plant construction. Yet only a few miles from the coal mines, industrialized zones and trading-estates of the east and centre lie wide expanses of unpopulated and quietly charming areas that are among the least spoiled in England. Never far from the stark ugliness of the pit-villages and manufacturing regions are to be found older and more gracious survivals—Saxon, Norman and mediaeval churches and castles, Georgian streets and squares, and a way of life that is both individual and persistent.

This duality—industrial and modern, contrasted with the traditional and spacious—is

reflected in the origins and constitution of Durham University. It could be said that along the banks of the Wear since the time of the Venerable Bede there has been a fluctuating yet sustained interest in things of the mind: and from this developed an episcopal interest in teaching and education. As the culmination of choir- and cathedral-schools in Durham the Bishops helped to found a teaching-establishment at Oxford—Durham College, now University College. Later, in the time of Henry VIII, serious proposals were made to start a university at Durham itself. This idea came to nothing, but over a century later teaching-fellows as part of a new university were actually appointed by Oliver Cromwell, in the last year of his life. Before the university could function, however, the Restoration came, to sweep it away. Some Dunelmians now regret that there is no surviving indication of Cromwellian interest. Aberdeen University has its Cromwell Tower, but Durham leaves to the historian alone commemoration of its early beginnings.

Not until the time of William IV did the idea of a university revive. By now reform was in the air, and the last of the Prince-



s. Thorne

(Above) The twin power-stations on either bank of the Tyne at Blaydon provide electricity for the coal-mining industry of north Durham and Northumberland. Mining and shipbuilding are the district's most important industries. (Below) Shipyards on the River Tyne at Walker, on the outskirts of Newcastle

Allan Cash





By courtesy of Imperial Chemical Industries

Tees-side, traditionally a heavy-industry centre, is busy diversifying, and development has progressed at a phenomenal rate. (Above) I.C.I. alone have been spending £1,000,000 a month since 1955 while (below) Paton and Baldwins Ltd have spent £7,500,000 on their factory for worsted and synthetic yarns

C.O.I., Crown cop

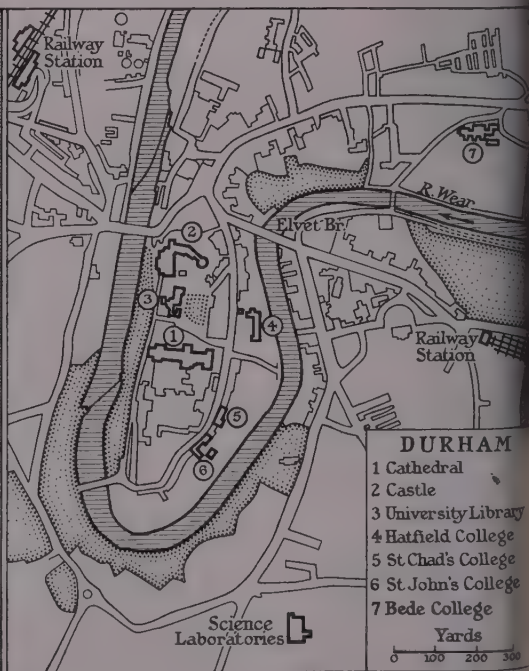
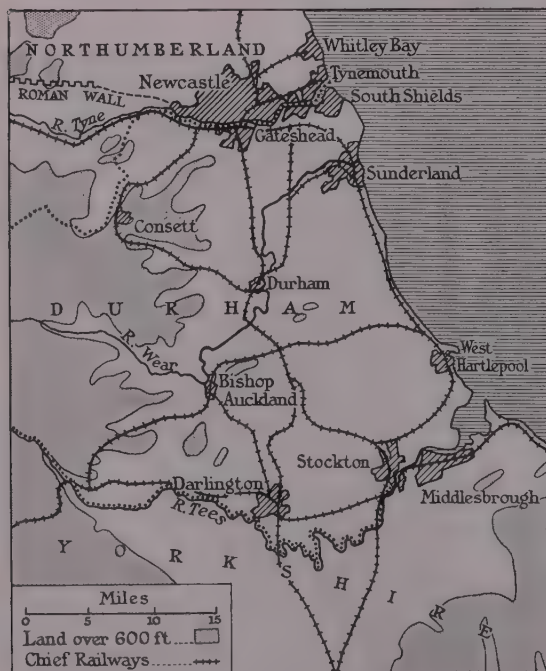


Bishops, himself a former university professor, felt that a new university could prove a worthy successor to the Palatinate, whose days were clearly numbered. Hence in 1832 (just before that of London) the University was formally constituted, under the wing of the Church, with an archdeacon as its Warden. Teaching was limited to Theology and Arts. When Medicine came to be added, it seemed that the limited population round Durham precluded the start of a teaching-hospital anywhere other than in Newcastle, which accordingly became the home of the Durham College of Medicine. In the meantime, a demand for the teaching of Science, Pure and Applied, had led to the growth at Newcastle of the Durham College of Physical Science, later known as Armstrong College. By the present century strict division between Arts and Science was felt to be unnecessary and Newcastle developed Arts subjects and Durham introduced Pure Science. A reorganization in 1936 produced the present form of the University: a Durham Division of (now) eleven small residential colleges; and the union of the Medical School with Armstrong College to found King's College, Newcastle. King's is a modern and rapidly developing creation of the redbrick pattern recruiting most though by no means all of its students from the north-east, and drawing on the coastal resorts of Whitley Bay, Tyne-

mouth and Cullercoats to provide extra lodging accommodation. Durham itself maintains a strict collegiate system on the 'Oxbridge' model (though teaching is wholly Departmental), and the membership is much more on a national basis. Significantly large groups come from the Midlands and the south of England.

The federal organization of the University allows association with other bodies, particularly Sunderland Technical College, whose students take Durham degrees, and also two Colonial colleges of long standing—Fourah Bay in Sierra Leone, and Codrington in Barbados.

Congregation Day demonstrates how geographical separation can be overcome. Graduands may receive their degree in either Newcastle or Durham; and the latter in particular draws students who may never have set foot in the city before—except perhaps for sporting fixtures. The roll-call reflects traditional connections: besides West Africans and West Indians there are many Scandinavians, a significant proportion of Muslims (Pakistanis and Arabs) and some Indians. A great figure on these occasions is the University Bedell, who marshals each candidate with a kindly word—"Well done", "Now your turn", "Watch the end of the carpet"—and there can be few finer moments than when the procession of graduates leaves





All photographs by Mason and Har

The Durham Acropolis, embracing the Cathedral and the Castle, seen from the north-east across the River Wear, here flowing westwards, to the right. It then winds southwards between the sports ground and the Cathedral, making a sharp turn north to enclose the high peninsula within its loop. This peninsula is shared by the Cathedral and the Durham Colleges, part of the University of Durham, which is unusual in having a federal organization with two Divisions: one in Durham and the other in Newcastle. Their students, who now number 1500 and 3000 respectively, are expected to increase to 2000 and 5000 by 1963

Dinner in University College. The Norman Castle was the seat of the Prince-Bishops of Durham, who for long maintained an army to defend the Border. When the Prince-Bishopric was terminated in 1837 the Bishop made over the Castle to the newly founded University and it now houses University College, the oldest of the constituent colleges. These comprise altogether eleven residential units; the latest, Grey College—named after Earl Grey of Reform Bill fame, who signed the foundation charter—was opened this year. Durham operates the College system; that is to say, while teaching is centralized, students are admitted to an individual College or Society; hence a very large proportion (at present 83 per cent) of all students in the Durham Division of the University reside in the colleges





Congregation (Graduation) Day. Having assembled in the old Divinity School, adjacent to the Cathedral, the procession of graduands crosses Palace Green, between the Cathedral and the Castle, which it is here about to enter. The actual ceremony takes place in the Castle Hall. Some 300-400 students graduate each year in Durham, including a number of Newcastle students, especially those of the medical faculty



(Above) Palace Green from the south, with the University Library on the left and University College in the background. For those students living in the keep of the Castle there is a wonderful, though sometimes rather unduly aerated, view. (Opposite) St Chad's College, North Bailey. To the east of the Cathedral a wall, dating in part from the 11th century, defended the city within the loop of the river. Between this wall and the Bailey, or support-road, are situated several of the Durham Colleges. Two, St Chad's and St John's, give priority to candidates for Holy Orders in the Church of England





The quadrangle of Palace Green is framed on the west by the University Library and Union, and eastward by lecture-rooms and part of University College. The low skyline of these buildings, in contrast to the Cathedral and Castle to south and north, is said to have been due originally to King Charles I, who took the local authorities to task for spoiling the proportions of the area by building high. The Green is used occasionally for sporting events: croquet in June Week and fencing in winter—the ancestry of sword-play here is long

Durham's Regatta, older than Henley's, draws crews from all over the North of England and from Scotland. It is just possible to get an 'eight' through the mediaeval Elvet Bridge, but there are only inches to spare, so 'fours' are the normal





In times long past there was a substantial separation of function between the two Divisions of the University of Durham; Arts and Theology being taught at Durham, while Medicine and Science were taught at Newcastle. But since 1924 Arts and Pure Science have flourished in both Divisions, with Durham now entering certain fields of Applied Science. It is one of the strengths of the University that within close range it can draw upon both tradition and modern large-scale industry

Castle Hall and crosses Palace Green for a concluding service in the Cathedral.

At Congregation time there are opportunities for reminiscence and appraisal. "I'd no idea I'd feel like this now that the time has actually come to leave it all" is a frequent reaction. The rugger man may be swept away sufficiently to admit that the old place really has something, and there can even be kind words about College catering. The habit is growing of entertainment on such occasions (not that the Durham student is behindhand at all in this): cups of tea with the dons, college gatherings, and family parties containing a surprising sweep of members, from toddlers introduced as nephews or young sisters, to fathers- and mothers-in-law to be.

For those dons who organize Departmental classes there is a sobering thought. Each year a group of freshmen and freshwomen sit down together on the first days of term as total strangers; and statistically speaking it is pretty certain that at least one lifetime connection will develop within a class of moderate size before the three years of student life are over.

"There are no characters left in Durham nowadays" was the lament of an elderly don not long ago. He was thinking of a colleague who, somewhat hard of hearing, developed the unconscious habit of talking in strident tones, prefacing what could often be a

slandrous bit of gossip with the opening: "Strictly *entre nous*". There is also the probably apocryphal legend of the very senior don who greatly admired some flowers growing, unfortunately, in a neighbour's garden, and felt that when the neighbour left the house for six months the fates were kind. Fifty-three a.m. seemed a suitable hour to adjust matters by a few swift strokes of a trowel; but, plants in hand, the nefarious gardener turned to meet the new tenants coming in by the garden gate. These were senior students who had had a very protracted housewarming in their new abode, and had gone out to walk it off. College rules about hours and parties being as they were, honours were more or less even, and discretion prevailed on both sides. Superb aplomb was also shown by a museum curator, who, when rung up and told that the museum building was on fire, replied that he would be down just as soon as he had finished breakfast. While he was no doubt enjoying a second round of buttered toast, several ancient statues were rescued from danger. A lady housekeeper helped with averted eyes, ultimately draping each one with a tea-towel as they were placed side by side on the lawn outside.

Probably the most consistently discussed topic within Durham University is the relative effectiveness of the Durham and Newcastle systems. For those enrolled at Newcastle

The new Science Laboratories at Durham, with the Cathedral on its plateau across the River Wear

Turners (Photograph)



there are the merits of large-scale teaching units, with nearby factories, law-courts and hospitals; freedom to live as one pleases; and the attractions of a large thriving city. Seen from Northumberland, Durham City can appear to have many of the less desirable features of Barchester; and student debate has on occasion put this viewpoint extremely trenchantly.

"What do we get for the extra money it costs to live in Durham?" said a second-year student in reply to such an exchange. "Well, to begin with, a sense of belonging not to a series of classrooms from nine to five, but to a whole organization with a history that we can feel a real interest for. And to be even one-sixtieth or one two-hundredth part of a College is better than to be one three-thousandth of the Union or Athletic ground. Also, Palace Green suits me better than the Haymarket." Another comment, maybe not wholly representative, but genuine, came from a third-year man who, rather than wait, had turned down an acceptance at Oxford to come a year earlier to Durham. "After three years I'm quite certain I did the right thing. I've got as much out of my time at Durham, socially and intellectually, as I could have done elsewhere; and I've had the sort

of life I'd looked forward to getting at Oxford." The stock gambit for would-be entrants "Why do you want to come to Durham?" provokes three standard replies: "Because of the residence"; "Because I've heard of the Department of —"; and "Because so-and-so was here, and said there was nowhere else".

Another vexed topic is the tutorial system. At worst, in the words of one disillusioned victim, "it's five pounds a time for a cup of coffee—or glass of sherry if you're lucky". But the students of one Honours School, asked on graduating what they considered to have been of greatest value, were almost unanimous: "The Departmental tutorials: we found them the finest part of the curriculum." Much, obviously, depends on the individuals involved, and here we have one of the most urgent contemporary problems of university life. At its best, university training involves some form of personal transmission of attitudes and approach, besides the purely factual side. Two questions arise: what is the optimum size of a university for best conditions; and to what extent does successful teaching depend on the personality of the don himself rather than the quality of matter that he presents? A large Department can

The drawing-office of the Wallsend shipbuilding firm of Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson. Students of Naval Architecture at Durham University obtain practical experience in the local yards

courtesy of Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson Ltd





H. S.

The quadrangle of King's College, Newcastle, which was founded in 1871. King's College is the northern Division of the University of Durham. Medicine, Science and the Arts are taught there

often command the best equipment and the most brilliant individuals—but the impact on the single member of a very big class may be small. Is it better to have an occasional contact with a world authority whose eminence takes him out of his Department several days a week, or with only a merely competent, but devoted, teacher who is available formally and informally all the time? Then too, with research experience increasingly the *sine qua non* of academic advancement, a young don may be ill advised professionally to spend too much time talking with tutorial pupils: they, however grateful, cannot speak for him at an appointing committee, but a paragraph or article in *Nature* can. There are obviously several possible answers to these dilemmas, and Newcastle and Durham by reason of their differing organization can sometimes supply complementary solutions.

This has taken us a long way from the contemporary scene, which is one of rapid, almost frenetic, expansion. Newcastle is extending into five- and six-storey buildings; Durham is spreading laterally out of its peninsula, with a site for Science, originally Pure and now Applied, that threatens within the next few years to wag the dog. Problems

of numbers and organization will increase as the University, already one of the largest units in the country, reaches into the seven- or eight-thousand class.

But one don, at least, half awakened by the scamper of very far from fairy feet hurrying downstairs to the boathouse at 6.30 a.m. on a December morning is on the whole profoundly content. Several thousand young men and women whose horizons, fifty years ago, would mainly have been limited to the districts they grew up in, now have an opportunity to develop their abilities to the full, and to enjoy, at least for a few years, a little of the patrimony of the Prince-Bishop. The surplus energy that in some other lands too often goes into subversion and political insurrection is deflected onto the river, sports field and Junior Common Rooms, and though complacency is a pronounced local failing, it could be that Durham demonstrates a practicable middle way between the opposing systems of Oxbridge and Redbrick. Perhaps Durham has a secret which need not be entirely kept until one goes down; and if not honey, there is still a modicum of University Grants Committee jam for tea.

A Journey in Kurdistan

by FREYA STARK

Even in the jet age there are places where travel by pony and baggage-mule are still the only alternative to walking, as Freya Stark shows by her latest journey, from Lake Van across the Kurdish mountains to the Tigris. *Riding to the Tigris* (from which these extracts are taken) is to be published this month by Murray's

THERE seemed to be very few houses in Beiteshebab apart from some mud-built barracks and whitewashed cottages built for officials; and it is its strategic position rather than any exuberance in population that gives it a permanent garrison. They lead an isolated life, with no telephone in winter and no doctor, and live in expectation of their road; and pointed hills press in on them on every side as if a crowd were there. It is only when one can look at the situation from far away across several ranges that one sees how the place lies in the centre of two troughs that run roughly north to south, east to west, and make it a necessary point on the routes from

Hakkiari to Jizre, and from Van to Zakho. There is nothing, however, to show, in the almost invisible paths that wind towards the gorges, that here is a chief cross-roads of the hills.

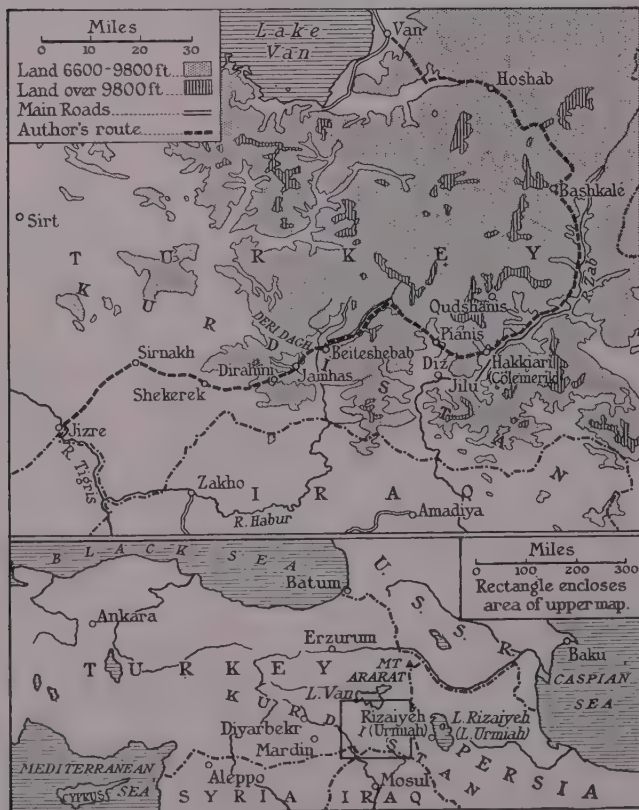
The village could be charming on its narrow slip between the climbing slopes. It is warmer than Hakkiari, and maize grows on its terraces. Walnut trees, vines, runner beans, and yellow pumpkin flowers were all about it.

My things had been carried to a small whitewashed cottage with a terrace in a garden. It was perched in a fairy-tale way, beside a block of rock that slanted at a

Gothic angle into the ravine below; and its garden was not Gothic at all, but fertile with every sort of vegetable and fruit tree. The house was clean and neat, with objects brought from far away—bedsteads and a sewing machine—in two large airy rooms. It seemed entirely inhabited by women—an old woman and five beautiful daughters, and an orphan granddaughter who alone could speak Turkish, being still young enough for school.

The grandmother was very old, but she ruled her household, and saw to it that I had water to wash in, and a towel, and a mattress to rest on, ordering her girls about and patting my shoulder with the free rather abrupt manner of a great lady, which she was.

They were Kurds—the grandchild translated—from Amadiya in Iraq; and the English had killed her husband long ago. She laughed as if this were an amusing idiosyncrasy, and we paused to shake hands upon the ancient feud; then she went on to explain how she and her



A. J. Thornton



All photographs by the author

"A river of crops called Zatkar" : one of the valleys dominated by the towering cliffs of Deri Dagh. The author crossed it during her journey through the Turkish part of Kurdistan



A view from Deri Dagb col, looking back east to the ledge of Beiteshebab and the passes to Iraq

children had crossed the mountains and found a refuge here. The English had behaved decently, and sent her the Amadiya revenues regularly.

The five young women were astonishingly lovely, with almond-shaped eyes so brilliant with the mountain air and so uncompromising from the mascara which framed them, that at first one noticed nothing except these black lagoons of light in their faces. But the actual features were beautiful, too, from broad forehead to straight nose and pointed chin so delicately modelled that the Kate Greenaway figures looked like flowers moving and swaying and bending about the house, balanced over high-waisted gowns that touched the ground. All these women, and many in the villages I came to, had a look of race which could have done in a Sargent or a Lavery portrait, long-limbed and with so proud a poise of the head.

Abdullah was to come for me at four o'clock before the daylight and the sun: but "he will not be here for an hour," said the old woman, "and we shall hear his hooves," and she was right. He came with my mare at five, and we rode through the village to collect

a schoolmaster who was to escort us as far as his first post, a two days' ride away.

There was nothing wrong with the morning once we were off. The shade remained cool in the depth of the valley, to whose river we descended from the walnut trees of Beiteshebab by a small reddish path in the eroded soil. The Sengeré was crossed by a wooden bridge, and its green water flowed steep but not precipitous through banks where wild pear trees, guelder, spindle, willow and hawthorn were overgrown with vines. The vine is said to have come from the western borderlands of Persia, and all this day we saw it flung here and there like a carpet along the edges of the streams. The valley was just wide enough not to be called a defile, solitary under red precipices hung about with steepnesses of oak and ash, and pinewoods now and then in openings high above. The track led at intervals over the brows of cliffs, and pools appeared below, full of fish with their heads upstream; or we crossed by fords in shallows. There were no travellers, nor any sign of them except the path and a few woodcutters' fires.

After two hours' riding, we turned into a

great beauty of oak glades in a tributary valley, and followed a dark water that hurried under white aquatic flowers, with catmint at its edge. It sped among willowy roots under a canopy of leaves, so that mostly the sound alone went drumming and beating beside us; and its gaiety led us to where the slope of the valley softened near a few solitary huts among fruit trees, that show the dwindled site of Eski, or Old, Beiteshebab.

A tower, its base solid boulders and all the rest crumbled, suggested that we were following the main mountain track, and we had passed tombstones at the turn of the valley, so mottled with lichen and the oak-tree shadows that their age and even their shape were hard to tell. Generally, in all this country, one assumes that a ruined site belonged most recently to the Assyrians. In the first years of World War I they hesitated and then, feeling themselves unsafe, sided with the Allies, and drew into their highest fastnesses while the Kurds plundered their lands—the valleys of the Zab and mountain districts round Diz and Jilu, and the west to which we were travelling. Thence, leaving all this in ruins, they achieved their

famous trek, above Hakkari and Qudshanis “through one of the most rugged and the most difficult of the mountain districts in Asia”—to Urmiah, and, when the Russian collapse left them stranded, back with the loss of about half their numbers to Iraq. These things are unhappy and far-off, not in time but in the rapidity of the transformations of Asia. The valleys are still haunted and emptier than they should be, and some little ruined chapel now built up as a byre will remind one that here the oldest, or very nearly so, of the Christian liturgies was practised for more than fifteen hundred years.

The Kurds had taken over the empty lands north of the Zab which they now so sparsely inhabit; and it is entirely to the Turkish interest to leave things as they are. The constant hereditary warfare has come to an end with the disappearance of one of the two sides; and now, with no difference of religion to make a barrier, and with an active policy of roads and schools, a prosperous and peaceful Turkish Kurdistan is probably in sight. But the sadness remains, and it is no pleasure to look at history in the making.

The cottages of Eski Beiteshebab, few as

The scenery on part of the ride from Jamhas to Dirahini; a path winding beside a mountain stream



Abdullah, "a man with a nice open-air face", acted as guide from Beiteshebab to Ulu Dere, a day's ride beyond Dirahini. Of six days of travelling time, four were spent on horse-back



they were, were empty and their inhabitants up in their pastures till September. Only a boy or two with a handful of sheep sat under the trees, and yoghurt was all the food they had to give us. They brought out a pan and we rested and then continued for half an hour till the easy valley ended in a bowl of rocks and grass beneath a Dolomite crest called Deri Dag. Pleated stiff like starched lace or the plumes of an Indian chieftain, it shone as we climbed beneath it, and tired the mare and the mules for another hour on the zig-zags of a grassy col. From here we could look back over ranges, and see our ride spread out under the dark blue morning sky. The ledge of Beiteshebab looked what it was, a nest or cradle in the four pathways of the hills, with the Hammam valley of the hot spring beside it and the whole country rising in gradations to the downs of Van and the openings towards Iraq or Sirt.

On the far side of the col, after the first descent of a gully, we still found Deri Dag above us, its landscape now opening magnificently onto a country of moraines. They wound from their precipices, and in the central trough of their concealed barren waves held a long valley, a river of crops called Zatkar. It looked like a Persian landscape of sand-coloured slopes that held the brilliant trees and small mud houses, with patches of orange or green peppers drying on the roofs. As our path followed the valley windings dangerously on a shelving and gritty surface high above, it was as if a ship, merely passing, were suddenly, from an overhanging wave's edge, to see some little fishing fleet about its accustomed business, puny but at home in the hollow cradle of its sea.

The main track must originally have followed this inhabited depression. Three ruined watch-towers dominated it, spaced in sight one of the other along the glacis of the moraine and built, like the one seen in the morning, with a solid foundation of boulders, such as mountaineers might design in any age.

By the time we reached the bottom of this long descent, we came to trees and a little stream, and I settled to rest before we got involved in houses. The hamlet anyway was empty, said Abdullah, and the people were "bad"; and he began to unload our animals, without even replying to the schoolmaster who seemed to think he was leading the party and wished to find an imaginary colleague in an almost certainly non-existent school. In a burst of confidence, he had told me of his home, and of his training in the teachers' college, and—looking at the forbidding

ranges that piled themselves between him and his memories more solidly with every passing hour—had said that he had thought in a year or so to marry, "but how could I bring a wife here, into this savage land?"

We rode downstream and crossed the hamlet, its few houses buried in maize fields; Jamhas was its name. It had what looked like the apse of a small church, converted to poorer uses. Our rivulet, now growing deep and strong, ran steeply down to join the river of the morning and eventually the Habur, somewhere in the gorges of the south. Up here it tunnelled its way under ledges scooped out by its own labours, so that the path had to climb above it, touching the river-bed only at intervals; until we turned again into a westerly direction, up another tributary valley, with gentler trees and meadow spaces, from which rocks high but open emerged.

There were signs here and there of cultivation, and some wayfarers had joined us—an old man full of jokes who walked with a loping step in moccasins knitted onto slices of motor tyre that made a good durable sole. He had to hurry to keep up with our mounts, but he did so for the sake of company, and for an hour or two I had his back in front of me, bobbing up and down inside a waistcoat that was embroidered with what looked like masonic symbols, the fancy of the tents. A good-looking man of about forty also added himself to us, leading his idiot son a week's journey from the hills on a grey horse to some hospital in Mardin or Diyarbekr. This company of the old jester and the madman seemed to give our cavalcade a Shakespearian touch, except that their philosophies, if they had any, were dumb.

We rode for three hours, while the light flooded the westerly valley. It lit the rough stones that had been built in steps at overhangs, where my pony trod with neatness and skill: until, with the falling twilight, the landscape widened to a simplicity reminiscent of the Arabian hills. We were very little north of the Iraq frontier, travelling parallel to it up the valley.

We were near our night's village, and cattle walked towards it along the valley floor. They went with nodding heads and leisure all about them, and the track turned a corner and showed maize fields in flower, a slope with gushing brooks and many houses half hidden in trees; this was Dirahini. The Dirahini river wound beneath it in a flat and peaceful bend, catching the last daylight as we asked for the Muhtar's house.

The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew

The slow flowering of Kew Gardens in the past two hundred years is described by the Editor of the Journal of The Royal Horticultural Society and of the Society's publications. The great changes at Kew were not all welcome; and "Capability" Brown was seen as a Caliban, intent on destroying the royal fairyland of Art:

*Lo! from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd and level'd Merlin's Cave.*

by PATRICK M. SYNGE

It is just two hundred years since the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, Dowager Princess of Wales and mother of George III, designated nine acres of her estate at Kew as a garden for the growth, study and enjoyment of plants both of economic and botanic interest. This still sums up well the gardens today even though they have grown from the nine acres to over three hundred. In spite of a soil dry and hungry and a low-lying position where fogs and the polluted atmosphere of London make gardening difficult, Kew has become the greatest of all botanic gardens and probably grows a larger number of different plants than can be found together anywhere else in the world. It has been estimated that there are over 45,000 different species, while the herbarium specimens are said to number 6,000,000. Kew is far more than a great garden, however; it is also the centre for the whole British Commonwealth of work in taxonomic botany, which is the classifying and naming of plants, an absolutely basic and essential branch of this science.

In the bend of the river between Kew and Richmond there had been well-known gardens for a hundred years before Princess Augusta, or even earlier, and it was real country then. Even the spelling was in doubt, having varied from "Kayhough" through "Keyhowe", "Kayhoo" and even "Kai-ho", to settle down finally as Kew. Brentford Ferry was one of the few crossing-places of the river in the area and the path to Richmond passed along Love Lane which formerly separated the two parts of the gardens. In the 16th century William Turner, one of the "Fathers of English Botany", lived at Kew. Later, in the 17th century, Sir Henry Capel lived at Kew House and it was reported by Evelyn that he grew the "choicest fruit of any in England". He had separate greenhouses for oranges and myrtles and shaded the oranges during the summer with high palisades of reeds. But even later Kew must

still have been a quiet place, and both it and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were best known for Pope's famous couplet:

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

which was engraved on that distinguished dog's collar.

The Prince of Wales himself was summed up by the lines quoted by Horace Walpole which end:

... 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,—
There's no more to be said.

Kew Gardens as we know them are rightly referred to in the plural, since they have been formed from the union of two gardens: those of Kew House and of Richmond Lodge. The royal family lived much in the immediate neighbourhood of Kew. Kew House, "an old timber house" when Sir Henry Capel lived there, was leased from about 1730 by Frederick, Prince of Wales, who had it partly rebuilt by William Kent. It was bought by George III after the death of Princess Augusta and was pulled down in the years 1802-3. Behind it was the Dutch House which is still standing and is generally called Kew Palace. Across Love Lane, which the line of the Holly Walk now roughly follows, was the property of Richmond Lodge, which itself stood in the Old Deer Park. It was occupied from 1722 by George II and Queen Caroline, then Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained a royal residence until Queen Charlotte had the Lodge pulled down in 1770.

Richmond Lodge had many unusual and even fantastic buildings in its grounds but unfortunately the majority of these have now disappeared. Merlin's Cave, which from contemporary prints looked like a glorified cluster of African huts with high-pitched conical thatched roofs, had been built for Queen Caroline. It contained in the central section

(Right) *Princess Augusta, widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales. As a private venture in 1759 she converted part of the grounds of old Kew House into the first truly botanical gardens.*
(Below) *A family portrait by Philip Mercier, painted in 1733, shows Frederick and his three sisters, who were rarely on good terms, in a harmonious pose in front of the Dutch House*

*Reproduced by gracious permission
of Her Majesty The Queen*



National Portrait Gallery





The gardens in 1771. Love Lane, the old path from Brentford Ferry, cuts the map from north to south, dividing Richmond Lodge gardens from Kew

figures of Merlin the Enchanter with Queen Elizabeth, a Queen of the Amazons and other figures as his clients. It is hard, however, to imagine any tougher subject for enchantment of a wizard's wiles than Queen Elizabeth I. Even in its own day, the highly cultured period of the later 18th century, it was sometimes an object of ridicule. There was also the Hermitage or Grotto, which appears to have been a rather crudely made temple containing busts of famous men, while on the top was a little turret with a bell. All this, however, had been much better done in other gardens about the country such as Stowe and Stourhead, and Kew would not appear to have lost much when these fantasies were demolished. The general feeling of an 18th-century park-like layout with wide-spreading specimen trees rising from broad expanses of lawn and with long vistas has, however, remained to this day and gives Kew much of its fine sense of dignified spaciousness and well-proportioned beauty. This has been cleverly combined by successive directors and curators with the planting of a very wide range of plants.

The Princess Augusta had a good friend in the Earl of Bute, who is now commonly regarded as a better botanist than Prime Minister, and he advised her enthusiastically on the development of the garden at Kew House. George III later dismissed him as Prime Minister, but his interest in plants remained and he is even reported to have died from the results of a fall received when climbing a cliff in Hampshire to collect a plant which was new to him.

Together Bute and the Princess made two very wise appointments. They brought in Sir William Chambers as architect and



This panorama conveys something of the tranquil atmosphere of 18th-century Kew. In the gardens were numerous temples designed by Sir William Chambers, some classical, some oriental, like the House of Confucius away to the right. Most of these, and the grazing sheep, have disappeared

William Aiton, a young and enthusiastic Scotsman, as curator of the gardens. To Sir William we owe the superbly proportioned Orangery, which has now been redecorated and restored to its initial purpose of a winter home for orange trees in large tubs, and also the Pagoda, a landmark for miles around.

These are two very dissimilar buildings to have come from one brain, but Chambers must have been a notable man. He had earlier visited China and was as much steeped in Chinese garden-design and Chinese architecture, on which he wrote a large book, as in the traditional building of his age. Sir William also built the first great hothouse in 1761. It was called "The Great Stove"; it was 114 feet long and stood for exactly a hundred years. Its successor, the great Palm House, completed in 1848 to a design of Decimus Burton, also stood for a hundred years before its recent renovation and repair which we hope may make it good for another hundred. Few of the trees planted then survive, but by the fern greenhouses there is an

old ginkgo, the maidenhair tree said to have been planted by the Princess Augusta in 1760. It is one of the finest trees in the gardens and it is fitting that this most ancient of all species of tree should also be one of the oldest at Kew.

The Earl of Bute was interested in plants as individuals and their abundant variety, but it was to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society for longer than any other man, general patron of the Sciences and wealthy amateur in the best sense of the word, who succeeded him as unofficial director, that Kew owed the great early expansion of its collections. George III trusted him and seems to have given him a fairly free hand. Banks arranged to send collectors to all the likely countries where interesting plants might be found, and the record of their travels, adventures and success is impressive. Francis Masson went to South Africa and the West Indies, William Ker to China whence he introduced *Kerria japonica* and also the tiger lily, Allan Cunningham to Brazil, South



British Museum

Above: Kew House, which stood opposite the Dutch House, was largely rebuilt about 1730 by William Kent for Frederick, Prince of Wales, who lived there for a time. It was demolished in 1802-3.
 Below: The lake in front of Kew House was formed out of a series of natural lagoons in the reign of George III. In the foreground is the boat in the shape of a huge swan that used to float on it

British Museum





British Museum

Chambers had seen the gardens of China in the four years of his youth that he spent at sea, and his love for oriental effects vied with a strictly classical training, as is apparent in these prints. (Above) The celebrated Pagoda and the Temple of Arethusa are still standing, as is the Ruined Arch (below) which reflects a taste for artificial ruins characteristic of 18th-century landscape design

Royal Horticultural Society



Sir Joseph Hooker, who was to become Kew's second Director at his father's death in 1865, is depicted in Sikkim during the years 1848 and 1849, which he devoted to plant-collecting in the Himalayas. Apart from his extremely important botanical work in the region, he found time to make a single-handed survey of the passes into Tibet (so efficient that he was congratulated on it by the first Lhasa Expedition more than fifty years later) and a study of Himalayan geology and meteorology which is still of value

oyal Horticultural Society





All Kodachromes by Jack E.

There is only one royal palace left at Kew, the Dutch House, now also called Kew Palace. It stands on the site of an old Dairy House and was built in 1631 in Flemish style for Samuel Fortrey and his wife Catherine, who were both of Flemish origin; their initials are carved above the door. The daughters of George II stayed here after 1728. Later it became a nursery for the children of George III and Queen Charlotte, who themselves came to live here in 1802 when they left Kew House near by, and it was in the Dutch House that the Queen died in 1818. Furniture, documents and paintings are now its occupants

Replicas of the Queen's Beasts, ten heraldic figures by James Woodford which stood guard at Westminster Abbey for Queen Elizabeth II's coronation, are ranged beside the Palm House: two lions, a unicorn, horse, griffin, dragon, yale, falcon, greyhound, bull. Visitors move on from these flowered walks to lake or river, to rest on grassy banks beneath the trees





The Palm House remains as a monument to the energy and vision of Sir William Hooker, who was appointed first Director when Kew Gardens were handed over by the royal family in 1841 to be administered in the public interest. A great structure of glass and iron, the Palm House was built in 1844-48 to the design of Decimus Burton, who was also architect of the fine wrought-iron Main Gate of the Gardens which faces Kew Green



The Pagoda, built to adorn the garden of Princess Augusta, mother of George III, embodies much of the romance which Kew holds for the Londoner. On these lawns young Cobbett, working as an under-gardener, once cut an odd, bucolic figure. Today, eager children and their parents are drawn by its strangeness, Georgian brick and academic proportions blending with exotic Chinese elegance. Leaving the Gardens by the Richmond road or the District train, they see the Pagoda's pinnacle floating on a sea of tree-tops

Africa, Australia and New Zealand. A. Menzies went with Vancouver on a long four-year voyage to Australia, South America and western North America. He introduced the monkey-puzzle and discovered the great redwood *Sequoia sempervirens*. There were many others, including David Nelson who sailed with Captain Bligh in the *Bounty* to obtain the bread-tree fruit to transplant to the West Indies. He was one of the few loyal to his captain and was cast adrift with him and unfortunately died as a result of his hardships.

This trial of suitable economic plants and their transport from one country to another within the British Commonwealth has always subsequently been an important part of the work at Kew. It continues today with the finding and introduction to West Africa of improved varieties of cacao (cocoa beans), and with the collection of species of banana, the breeding in the West Indies of better varieties, and the introduction of improved bananas for India and West Africa, which, after their period of quarantine at Kew, are now despatched by air in polythene bags. The introduction of Pará rubber to Malaya is perhaps the greatest achievement of this sort.

The fortunes of Kew declined with the health of George III, and the next great period of activity did not come till the appointment of Sir William Hooker as Director in 1841. He must have been a man of great energy and vigour, and his son, later Sir Joseph Hooker, who succeeded him as Director, recorded that he often walked sixty miles a day with ease. Under him the Gardens and greenhouses were opened to the public and he increased the area of the garden from 15 acres, when he took over, to nearly its present size of just under 300 acres. To him we owe the great Palm House, the Herbarium and Library which was finished in 1861, and the Temperate House of 1862, the last of the gigantic greenhouses to be built until the Australian House was com-



At Kew, student gardeners receive a thorough training in their craft. Here one of them is seen in a conservatory, carrying out the daily routine of picking over dead blooms and leaves

pleted in the last few years. After Sir William's death his son summed up his achievements fittingly in the famous geographical quotation from *Ecclesiasticus*: "I came as a brook from a river and as a conduit into a garden . . . and lo, my brook became a river and my river became a sea."

Sir Joseph Hooker was a great traveller before he became Director and had been to the Antarctic with Ross in 1839-43 on the expedition of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. In 1847 he started on his years of Indian travel, and in Sikkim and eastern Nepal he collected many of the rhododendrons for which he is best known, and which still provide some of the most beautiful plants of the genus



A botanist at work in the Herbarium at Kew Gardens. She is engaged in drawing up an exact description of a new species of plant, one among a variety of important jobs done there

for our gardens as well as being the basis of innumerable hybrids. Anyone who has looked up against the light at the blood red bells of *R. thomsonii*, named after one of his companions, rich and gleaming like a glass of good red wine, will hardly forget it in a hurry. Sir Joseph was indeed neither less exciting nor less notable than his father and he became one of the great figures of Victorian science, the friend and confidant of Darwin and Huxley: he contributed greatly to the prestige of Kew. The volume of his own publications was enormous. Hooker's *Students' Flora of the British Islands* and Bentham and Hooker's *Genera Plantarum* and *Hand-book of the British Flora* lasted as standard works from their publication in the middle of the last century to a very few years ago.

Sir Joseph was followed by a series of distinguished directors who all helped to

build up Kew in various ways. The present Director, Dr George Taylor, is a distinguished plant-collector and a very keen gardener, and under him the rock-garden is being reconstructed and the horticultural standards of the gardens are being looked after.

Kew is well worth a visit at any season of the year. The beauties of bluebell and lilac time at Kew have long been famous, but equally the magnolia and the iris seasons are magnificent: in the autumn the avenue of flaming nyssas from North America and later in the winter the fine old plants of wych hazels from China covered with their twisted yellow flowers are most spectacular. The Temperate House with its masses of sheltered flowering trees and shrubs is a sight early in the year that makes it seem as if spring has come a month too soon, while in the summer the warmer greenhouses are glorious with the great pink flowers of the lotus and its decorative wax-covered leaves around which a drop of water will run like quicksilver. Every year fresh plants of *Victoria amazonica*, the largest water-plant in the world, are grown as an annual for the big tank in the warm greenhouse, and the diameter of the great leaves with

their upturned rims is measured in yards rather than feet. Equally exciting on a much smaller scale are the fine collections of insectivorous plants such as *Drosera*, *Dionaea*, Venus's fly-trap (and quite a good one, too) and *Sarracenia*, while the orchid houses have recently been reconstructed and replanted to show many more of the orchids growing on boughs of wood with fibre and moss, as they grow in their natural habitats. For those who like to wander outside, the collection of ornamental ducks and geese and water-fowl of all kinds is very large, while our native birds are also well represented in the gardens. So I can only close by urging you to go and visit Kew at all seasons and as often as you can. There will always be plenty to see, and it is still as apt today as in 1791 to use the words of Erasmus Darwin:

So sits enthron'd in vegetable pride
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side.

Violence and well-organized terrorist activities are becoming a deplorably frequent adjunct to the independence of colonial territories. The French Cameroons, to become independent on January 1, is no exception. The future of the British Cameroons remains to be decided, but feelings for and against unification with the French Cameroons are strong. The situation is here summed up by the author of *Pagans and Politicians*, published by Hutchinson's this year

Two Cameroons or One?

by MICHAEL CROWDER

At lunch in the mess-room of Man O'War Bay Training Centre in the Southern Cameroons (fully described in *The Geographical Magazine*, February, 1954), two of the English instructors were discussing the songs that have made this African version of an Outward Bound School famous throughout Nigeria. Neither could remember how the tune of the most famous of these songs went, so I helpfully asked the steward whether he could sing it for us.

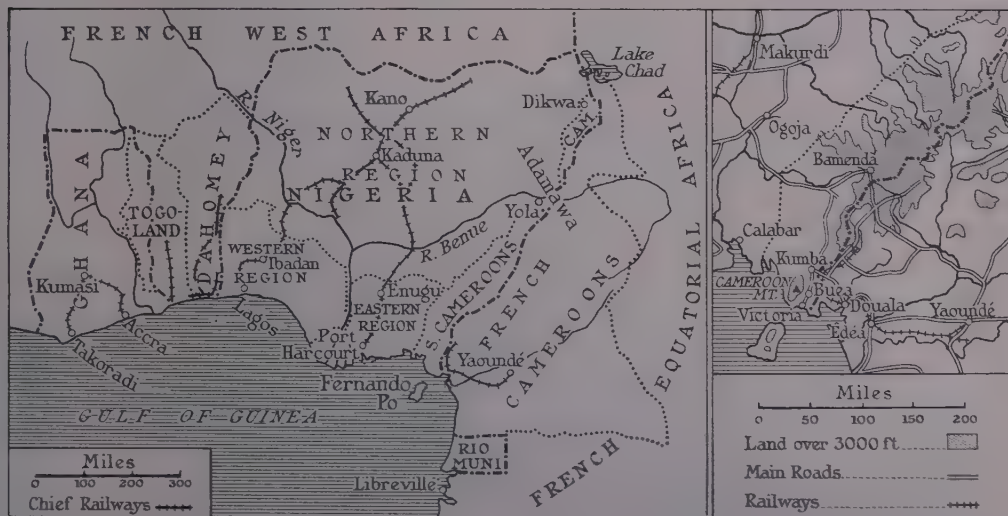
"But I can't sing, Sir," he replied.

"Can't sing?" I chided, "but all Nigerians can sing." He turned on me angrily. "I'm not a Nigerian, Sir, I'm a Cameroonian."

It is astonishing that so vigorous a nationalism, disregarding internal ethnic and regional differences, should have developed within the arbitrary boundaries of the Cameroons, drawn up hastily during the mad scramble for Africa at the end of the 19th century. The pattern is repeated throughout West Africa where people are coming more and more to identify themselves with their country rather than with their tribes. However, the union of thought between peoples differing widely in race and language in the Southern

Cameroons is far in advance of that in Nigeria where tribal considerations still tend to dominate politics. This is all the more remarkable, since for forty years the Southern Cameroons was administered as part of Nigeria.

The name Southern Cameroons is itself a puzzle, which can only be understood in relation to the country's recent history. Penetration by the Germans into what became their colony of Kamerun began in 1884. German authority was gradually extended inland, against vigorous local opposition, till Lake Chad was reached by a German military force in 1902. In 1911 the colony's boundaries were enlarged considerably to the east and south, when parts of French Equatorial Africa were added to Kamerun in compensation for German recognition of French suzerainty over Morocco. In 1914-16 Kamerun was conquered by the Allies and divided into British (western) and French (eastern) spheres, French Equatorial Africa reincorporating what it had lost five years before. The remainder of the French sphere, with about three-quarters of the total population, became a Mandated Territory of the League of



A. J. Thornton



The coastal town of Victoria, in the Southern Cameroons, was founded in 1858 by the Reverend Alfred Saker, head of the Baptist Mission which had been expelled from its former headquarters in Fernando Po when the Spaniards returned to that island after a period of British occupation. Victoria has not grown much in the past century; its main streets, like the one illustrated (left), are lined by trees rather than by houses. The impact made by the Baptists, however, has been great, and although their official mission left the town on the arrival of the Germans in 1884, today there is a large congregation of Cameroonian Baptists, well represented by (below) their church in Victoria

All photographs, except one, by the author





To commemorate the centenary of the founding of Victoria the government of the Southern Cameroons sponsored a week of celebrations which included among other activities religious services, canoe-races, football-matches, a beauty-competition, a trade fair and an agricultural show. (Above) One of the most popular events in the celebrations was the canoe-race. The most famous canoeists in the Cameroons come from the French side near Douala. There is much contact between the French and British Cameroons. Many Southern Cameroonians speak French; while in Douala and the surrounding areas pidgin English is now in common use. (Right) The winner of the Second Prize awarded in this show for the "original decoration of a bicycle" smiles contentedly as he sits on his almost unrecognizable machine





The German contribution to the economic development of the Southern Cameroons was impressive.. Among other things they opened up great palm-oil and banana plantations, and built a light railway to carry the produce to the flourishing little ports of (opposite, top) Tiko, near Victoria, and (opposite, bottom) Bota, which under British administration has become the main port of the Cameroons Development Corporation, set up by the government as the chief agency for keeping the plantations in production. There are numerous other traces of German occupation elsewhere, the most conspicuous of them being (right) the German-style architecture of houses in the older centres; while (below) the lighthouse at Nachtigal Point might be a castle on the Rhine. Nachtigal Point was named after the man who concluded the treaties which first gave Germany a foothold on this coast





The French have undertaken many development schemes in the French Cameroons through their special overseas investment fund "FIDES"; for example, the recent extension of the port of Douala and construction of (above) a large rail and road bridge across the lagoon to link it with the North

Nations in 1922 and similar status was given under British mandate to two strips, a northern and a southern, along the Nigerian border.

Thus the British have administered Southern Cameroons, as they call it, for as many years as the Germans; yet today Cameroons nationalism, which denies the partition of the old German Kamerun and sometimes looks back to a mythical unity existing even before the arrival of the Germans, is a powerful force. The elections last January in the Southern Cameroons brought victory for the Kamerun National Democratic Party (KNDP) whose leaders favour secession from Nigeria and look ultimately to reunification with the French Cameroons. The same policy is advocated by all French Cameroonian parties. Indeed the ebullient little Vice-Premier of the French Cameroons told me prophetically, a month before the election in the Southern Cameroons: "We are con-

vinced that our brothers in the British Cameroons will want to join us in an independent Cameroons and forget this false division made after the 1914-18 war."

So passionately did some French Cameroonianians feel about the issue of reunification that the extreme left-wing party, the Union des Populations Camerounaises (UPC), rebelled against the French administering authority to obtain both reunification and independence. This revolt, which necessitated troops from Equatorial Africa to keep it down, appeared earlier this year to have fizzled out as a result both of the death of the rebel leader Ruben Um Nyobe and of French agreement to the Cameroons becoming independent on January 1, 1960. But new outbreaks of terrorism around Douala and Yaoundé this summer suggested that politically UPC represented more than just the desire for independence.

Although most French Cameroonians be-

lieve fervently in reunification, people in the British Cameroons, which includes both the Northern and Southern sectors, are divided on the matter. In the North, which is administered as an integral part of the Northern Region of Nigeria, the word Cameroons is almost meaningless. The boundary between it and Northern Nigeria cuts across traditional political divisions such as the Emirates of Adamawa and Dikwa. As a result there has been considerable criticism of the United Nations Trusteeship Committee for recommending, against the advice of its visiting mission which toured the Cameroons last winter, that a plebiscite should be held in the Northern Cameroons to determine its political future.

On the other hand a plebiscite on the question of whether the Southern Cameroons wishes to remain with Nigeria, become independent on its own, or join up with the French Cameroons, is absolutely essential. For though the secessionist KNDP won the last election they only hold fourteen of the twenty-six seats in the House of Assembly.

The opposition alliance between the Kamerun National Congress (KNC) and the Kamerun People's Party (KPP) favours remaining within the Federation of Nigeria as a self-governing region. This is not to say that they are not nationalist parties, for many of their leaders played an important part in the movement for regional autonomy for the territory, which until 1954 was administered as an integral part of the Eastern Region of Nigeria. It is significant too that all three parties use the German "Kamerun" in their party styling. In the French Cameroons this form is considered the sign of extreme nationalism.

Despite attempts to seek a mythical unity in the Cameroons before the arrival of the Germans, Cameroons nationalism today really harks back to the days of the German protectorate. Though large tracts of Kamerun only knew the Germans through occasional military expeditions, the coastal area, where plantations were established and a railway was built from Douala to Yaoundé, was deeply impressed by German rule. In

The Germans constructed railways running northwards from Douala as well as eastwards to Yaoundé. Here a tanker-train crosses the bridge at Edéa, site of a huge French-built aluminium smelter



Victoria and Buea in the Southern Cameroons, and in Douala and Yaoundé across the border, the legacy of German administration is very evident, particularly in architecture. Buea, the capital of the Southern Cameroons, which stands on the slopes of Cameroon Mountain, looks exactly like a German mountain village. It even has its *Schloss* which today serves as the Commissioner's Residence.

In the Southern Cameroons I talked to a number of old men who regretted the departure of the Germans. Time had undoubtedly mellowed their impression of their previous colonial masters, whose hand was in fact less heavy than their enemies in World War I pretended. Many of the old men liked the Germans because, though they were often harsh, they were fair. I remember one old sergeant-major who had served under both Germans and British as a soldier, who far preferred the Germans. "With German officers", he would say, "I always knew exactly what punishment my men would get. With the British I could never be sure of

anything." The main complaint of elderly Cameroonians against the British is that they have neglected the development of this potentially rich area of West Africa. As *The Times* wrote of the territory: "It was exploited by the Germans and neglected under the mandate between the wars." In recent years the Cameroons Development Corporation has done much to rectify this, but many of the old German plantations are beyond the stage when they could be redeveloped. The same accusation could not be made against the French, who have undertaken extensive development of their Trust Territory, especially in the post-war years. Today it is one of the most prosperous territories of French Black Africa.

Germany undoubtedly contributed much to Cameroons nationalism during her short occupation. Edwin Ardener, an anthropologist working in the Southern Cameroons, has written in a fascinating article on *The Kamerun Idea*: "It was the sense of common history and experience of the coastal area that was the Cameroons consciousness. It is

Yaoundé, founded by the Germans, has acquired under French colonial rule all the amenities of a small French city. It is the capital of the French Cameroons and it has of late years become a centre of activity for the extreme left-wing party (UPC), demanding reunification and independence





The Roman Catholic Mission church in Yaoundé is a legacy of German rule. Out of a population of 3,100,000 in the French Cameroons, 700,000 are Roman Catholics and 500,000 Protestants: the comparatively advanced state of education in the south of the country owes much to both denominations

largely true to say that the idea of a Cameroons people, like the protectorate itself, originated at the coast. It was there too that the nostalgic image of German Kamerun was preserved to take its place in the later political thought of the territory."

Though the Cameroons was divided under French and British rule, the special status of the two parts, first as Mandated Territories of the League of Nations and later as Trust Territories of the United Nations, gave them a certain sense of unity. Certainly it divided them off from their neighbours. The French Cameroons, for instance, has had surprisingly little contact with its neighbours in French Equatorial Africa. Indeed in recent years extreme nationalists have tended to regard the division of the Cameroons as an "imperialist plot". It was thus that, at the All-African Peoples' Conference held at Accra last December at the invitation of Dr Nkrumah, the UPC described the attempt to federate what they called the Western Cameroons with Nigeria and to include the

Eastern Cameroons in the Franco-African Community. M. Ernest Ouandie, Vice-President of the UPC, described as "cruel vivisection" the division of the Cameroons in 1916. The party even gained the support of the conference for the observance of February 20 as Kamerun Day, though apparently the only major country to comply was Communist China, where several demonstrations were held in favour of reunification.

Like most West African territories the Cameroons lacks basic unity. Differences are almost as marked as in Nigeria, with which it shares a common boundary stretching from Calabar to Lake Chad. The main divisions are between the Muslim North and the Christian South, and between the British and French sectors. Curiously enough, French administration in the Cameroons has resembled that of the British much more closely than in any other territory, for here the French have practised indirect rule, which because it preserves the power of chiefs also preserves tribal distinctions. Even so the French



Elections in the Southern Cameroons last January were won by the party led by Mr J. N. Foncha. He is seen (above) welcoming Dr Nkrumah of Ghana, who at once visited him. Mr Foncha favours reunification with his neighbours in the French Cameroons, where (below) women demonstrated a reciprocal desire





By courtesy of the Southern Cameroons Information Service

Cameroon Mountain, the 13,350-foot volcano overlooking Victoria, erupted soon after Mr Foncha's electoral victory, having remained dormant since the early days of British rule. This was hailed by his opponents as expressing the great mountain's anger at his intention to secede from Nigeria

Cameroons today has a government drawn from every corner of the territory and led by a Muslim Northerner, M. Amadou Ahidjo. His Vice-Premier is a Christian from the South.

When I discussed with Dr Endeley, former Premier of the Southern Cameroons and leader of the KNC, his reasons for wanting to remain within the Federation of Nigeria rather than join up with the French Cameroons, he cited the vast differences between the two sectors in support of his position. The question of language was, he thought, the greatest barrier. The small Southern Cameroons might well be swamped by the larger and richer French Cameroons. As it was, his territory had full regional autonomy in the Nigerian Federation. One of the Ministers I met with him drew my attention to the recently published report on the London Constitutional Conference (1957) in which Mr Lennox-Boyd said: "Many of the best friends of the Southern Cameroons do not foresee a destiny more likely to promote her happiness and prosperity than continued association with Nigeria." Another Minister

accused the KNDP of being a tribalist rather than a nationalist party, harping on differences between the Bamenda and Cameroons provinces to gain votes.

Certainly some of the support for KNDP is tribalist in character. The party draws most of its strength from Bamenda province, which has always been traditionally hostile to the coastal province. The Fons, or chiefs of the area, who have gained celebrity and a certain notoriety because of the number of their wives, back KNDP. On the other hand the party's successes in the recent election were not limited to the more heavily populated Bamenda province. Indeed one of the significant things about the election was that KNDP gained most heavily in those constituencies contiguous with the French border. Probably the most important factor in the success of KNDP has been their skilful appeal to traditional hatred of the immigrant Ibo, who form the main tribe of the Eastern Region, from which the Southern Cameroons broke away in 1954. Fear of domination by the Ibo is strong; and Mr S. T. Muna, a

Minister in the present KNDP government, was undoubtedly evoking for his supporters an image of such domination when he declared a year ago that it was imperative for the Southern Cameroons to secede from the Nigerian Federation before independence because black imperialism, to which the territory would be subjected, would be worse than white imperialism. At the election others cited ominously the example of Ghana and Togoland. I spoke to one candidate who told me: "We have learnt the lesson of integration from British Togoland and Ghana, which is not very complimentary to the African way of ruling."

Though KNDP is united in its desire to secede from Nigeria, the party has no coherent policy on reunification. Those who favour reunification do so on practical as well as nationalist grounds. They point out that for most of the year their territory is cut off from Nigeria, and that if administrators want to travel from Buea to Bamenda, they have to take the French road which is the natural north-south artery for the area. Geographically, and to a great extent ethnically, the territory has much more in common with its French neighbour than with Nigeria. It must, however, be said in favour of the Federal Government of Nigeria that it has invested far more *per capita* in the tiny Southern Cameroons Region than in any other area of Nigeria. But developments are unimpressive compared with progress in the areas of the French Cameroons immediately adjacent to Southern Cameroons. There is the huge bridge at Douala, the modern port, the fine city, and railway lines running eastwards to Yaoundé, the capital, and northwards parallel to the Southern Cameroons frontier. Then there is the huge aluminium smelter at Edéa. All this makes reunification a very attractive prospect, despite the warnings of KNC that the territory is just as likely to be swamped in a reunified Cameroons as within the Federation of Nigeria.

What none of the British Cameroonian leaders seem clear about is how reunification could be effected. I remember discussing this question with the Indian delegate on the Visiting Mission at a party held for them by the Legislative Assembly of the French Cameroons in Yaoundé. "Many people we spoke to were in favour of reunification," he said. "But when we taxed them on it, they seemed to think reunification would entail little more than pulling down the customs posts." A young French African journalist, talking with us, was violent in his speech

about reunification. Yet neither he nor his leaders seemed to have made much contact with British Cameroonians on the subject.

Looming large amongst the problems that must be faced in reunification is that of language. When I confronted the Vice-Premier of the French Cameroons with this, he merely answered me by speaking in pidgin English, which is almost the lingua franca of the coastal areas of the Cameroons. There is also the problem of what form reunification should take: federation or integration? Many details, evidently, remain to be worked out; and meanwhile the most probable fate of the Southern Cameroons is that it will become a self-governing territory, separate from Nigeria. There are some members of KNDP who would like it to remain so. The territory, however, could hardly stand alone permanently with a population of only about 750,000 and an annual budget of little more than £1,500,000. As Mr Lennox-Boyd warned Cameroonians who wanted the Colonial Office, as distinct from the Federation of Nigeria, to retain direct responsibility for administering the territory, they should not think that secession would give them the golden key to the Bank of England.

The future of the Southern Cameroons is to be decided by the United Nations plebiscite. The possibilities are to remain with Nigeria, to become part of the French Cameroons, or to become a self-governing region of their own. Mr Foncha and Dr Endeley both want the plebiscite to be held after Nigeria's independence in October 1960. It is possible that before the plebiscite there may be a swing against KNDP. This may depend partly on whether the Nigerian Government makes it clear that it would like the Southern Cameroons to remain within the Federation, and what baits it offers. It will obviously depend in great measure on how successful Mr Foncha's new government is in running affairs. He has not nearly as many able administrators in his cabinet as had his predecessor, Dr Endeley. His government was faced with enormous difficulties from the start. First there was the great tornado that destroyed much of the banana crop on which the economy of the Southern Cameroons depends. Then there was the eruption of Cameroon Mountain, lava from which nearly swept across the main trunk road to Kumba. Opposition elements were not slow to point out to their more credulous compatriots that the great mountain had shown her anger at the government's intention to break away from Nigeria and reunite with the French neighbours.